

Republic Pictures Star

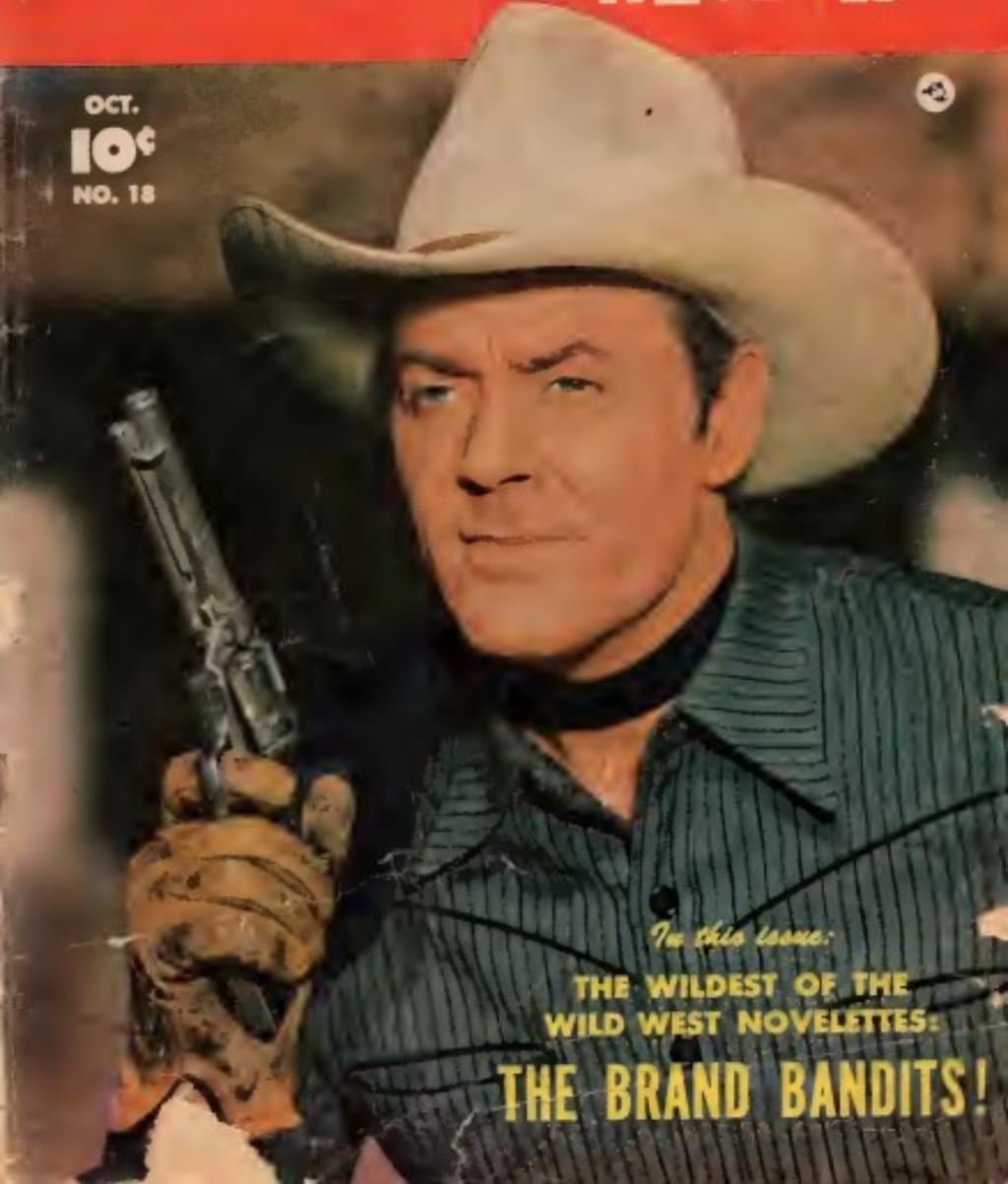
A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

## WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

OCT.  
10¢  
NO. 18



In this issue:

THE WILDEST OF THE  
WILD WEST NOVELETTES:

THE BRAND BANDITS!

# FAWCETT COMICS WHEEL OF FORTUNE~

EVERY ONE A WINNER!

*Gabby Hayes*  
Western

**ROCKY LANE**  
WESTERN

**LASH LARUE**  
WESTERN

**TOM MIX**  
WESTERN

*Marvel Family*

**Bill Boyd**  
WESTERN

**CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.**

**NYOKA**  
THE JUNGLE GIRL

**Monte Hale**  
WESTERN

**Captain Marvel**

**HOPALONG CASSIDY**



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

and the  
BRAND  
BANDITS!

Rustlers strike in the dark of moonless nights, fogging thundering longhorns down the rampage trail to vanish like night mist...WITHOUT TRACE, in one of the most baffling mysteries ever to shroud the old West! But the indomitable Undercover Marshal, ROCKY LANE, hurls himself and his blazing six-guns into the lurch to match bullets and brains with the

**BRAND BANDITS!**

ONE MORNING, ROCKY LANE, DARING YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, RACES HIS GREAT STELLION, BLACK JACK, TOWARD A DISTANT RANCH HOUSE WITH ONE THOUGHT IN MIND ---HAM AND EGGS!

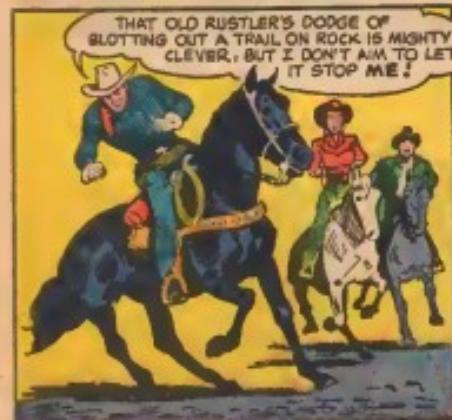
THAT RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD LOOKS MIGHTY INVITING, BLACK JACK! I RECKON THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD BREAKFAST AFTER BEING ON THE TRAIL ALL NIGHT!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





...BY LOOKING OVER THESE CRITTERS WAITING TO BE SHIPPED!



HMM! ALL THESE CRITTERS ARE WEARING A CIRCLE R BRAND WHICH COULD BE A ROCKING R BRAND MIGHTY EASILY!



AND YET ALL THE SIGNS SHOW THEY CAN'T BE THE STOLEN ONES! IT'D BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO HAVE TRAVELED MILES ALL THE WAY FROM THE ROCKING R, SPREAD WITHOUT HAVING LEFT SIGNS OF IT!



THEY'RE ALL IN PRIME SHAPE WITH NOT AN OUNCE OF FAT RUN OFF THEM! HERE COMES A STOCKYARD HAND! MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!



HOWDY, PARTNER! I WAS JUST LOOKING OVER THESE CIRCLE R CRITTERS! HOW LONG HAS THE CIRCLE R BEEN SHIPPING FROM THIS POINT?

FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS! MUST BE A NEW OUTFIT, I RECKON.



DO YOU HAVE THEIR SHIPPING DATES ON HAND? I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT THEM!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO INTERESTED, STRANGER?



ON ROCKY LANE, UNDERCOVER MARSHAL!

CHUCKS! COME WITH ME, ROCKY! I'LL BE PLUMS GLAD TO LET YOU LOOK OVER THE BOOKS!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

## IN THE STOCKYARD OFFICE ----

ALL THE SHIPPING DATES ARE RIGHT THERE, ROCKY!

HMM! MIGHTY INTERESTING! THE LAST TIME THE CIRCLE R SHAPED WAS ON THE 4TH AND THE TIME BEFORE WAS ON THE 5TH!



SWIFTLY ROCKY LANE TELLS HIS SHREWDY BRILLIANT PLAN TO THE COWHAND ---

GOOD! NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO - BZZZ -  
BZZ -

UH-HUM! I GET IT! SHORE, I WILL!



EVEN IF THOSE QATES DO JIBE, THERE IS STILL SOMETHING THAT PUZZLES ME --- LIKE HOW COME THOSE CRITTERS GOT TO CENTRAL JUNCTION, SO DOGGOONED FAST WITHOUT SHOWING ANY SIGNS OF WEAR!



DO YOU THINK THOSE CIRCLE R RANNIES ARE RUSTLERS, ROCKY?

IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO SAY, BUT I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO DO A FAVOR FOR ME JUST IN CASE:



DO YOU HAVE ANYWHERE WHERE YOU CAN PUT THOSE CATTLE TO GET THEM OUT OF SIGHT FOR A WHILE?



SHORE, ROCKY; WE DON'T USE THE FEEDING SHEDS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR!

THANKS! I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR HELP!

DON'T MENTION IT, ROCKY! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME; I'M PLUMB GLAD TO OBLIGE!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE ROCKING R RANGE FOR A LOOK AT THEIR HERD BOOK TO CHECK A FEW DATES!



SOON...

THERE'S THE ROCKING R RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD! WE SURE COVERED A HEAP OF GROUND TODAY, BLACK JACK, AND AFTER LOOKING AT THE RECORDS WE MAY HAVE TO COVER A BIT MORE!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I RECKON I'LL SET GOING NOW, MISS ! THE NEXT TIME THOSE RUSTLERS STRIKE I'LL BE READY FOR THE SIDEWINDERS.  
YOU'RE MY ONLY CHANCE OF SAVING THE RANCH, ROCKY : I KNOW YOU WON'T FAIL ME !

GET GOING, BLACK JACK ! WE'RE GOING CALLING ON AN OLD FRIEND IN THE NEXT COUNTY !

SOON--

THERE'S MY OLD PARD UP AHEAD : I HOPE HE CAN SPARE A COUPLE OF HIS HOUNDS !

WAL, IF IT AIN'T MY PARD, ROCKY LANE ! WHUT BRINGS YUH OUT THIS WAY ?



HOWDY, SHERIFF ! I'VE COME TO YOU FOR A FAVOR ! I NEED A COUPLE OF BLOODHOUNDS FOR A MIGHTY SPECIAL TRAILING CHORE !

SURE, ROCKY ! I'LL PUT A LONG LEASH ON MY TWO BEST HOUNDS FOR YOU !

AND---  
THANKS ! I RECKON I'LL BE GETTING BACK WITH THEM !



THAT EVENING AS ROCKY LANE AND THE BORROWED BLOODHOUNDS RACE BACK TO THE ROCKING R. RANCH ---

COME ON, BLACK JACK ! IT LOOKS AS IF OUR WORK IS CUT OUT FOR US !



SCORCH THE TRAIL, BLACK JACK ! THIS TIME WE'RE PLUMB READY FOR THESE RUSTLING POLE-CATS !

AS THE KEEN-SCENTED HOUNDS PICK UP THE TRAIL--

THEY'VE GOT THE SCENT ON THE MISSING CRITTERS ! WE'RE ON THEIR TRAIL, AND THIS TIME WE'RE STAYING ON IT !



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A FEW MINUTES LATER--



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--

THIS IS A FINE HOW-DO-YOU-DO, SITTING HERE WASTING YOUR TIME THUMBLING THROUGH THAT OLD ALMANAC INSTEAD OF GOING OUT TO CATCH THOSE RUSTLERS BEFORE THEY STRIKE AGAIN !

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE PLUMB WRONG, MISS !

THIS ALMANAC IS FULL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, LIKE THE PART WHICH SAYS TONIGHT IS A MOONLESS NIGHT . THAT MEANS RUSTLERS MAY STRIKE ---



--AND WHEN THEY DO, I AIM TO STRIKE BACK PRONTO ! GET GOING, BLACK JACK ! WE HAVE A LITTLE CHORE TO DO IN TOWN, HAVE THOSE HOUNDS IN GOOD SHAPE AND READY, MISS. I'VE BUNCH WE'RE GOING TO NEED THEM !



SHORTLY AFTER--

IF THOSE SIDEWINDERS USE PEPPER AGAIN, THEY'RE GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR WORTHLESS LIVES !

G E N E R A L  
S T O R E



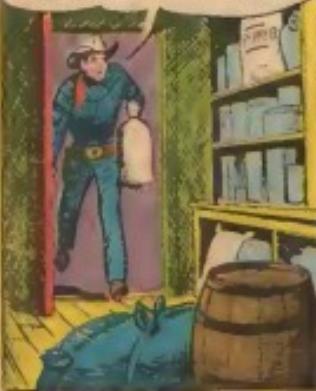


PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I'M IN TIME ! THE PEPPER IS STILL HERE AND UNTOUCHED ! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST THOUGH !



NOW TO GET RID OF THIS PEPPER ! HMM ! THAT RAT-HOLE IS JUST THE PLACE !



THIS IS ONE WAY OF GETTING RID OF IT ! IF THERE ARE ANY RATS AT HOME, I RECKON THEY'RE GOING TO SNEEZE THEMSELVES TO DEATH AFTER THIS !



NOW TO DUMP THIS MINT INTO THE PEPPER SACK AND WAIT !



BUT SUDDENLY --



HE'S OUT GOLD, BOSS ! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE VARMINT ? DRILL HIM ?



HELL NEVER GIT OUT OF THESE KNOTS, BOSS ! HE'S HOG-TIED !



ONE OF YUH GRAB THE GAL, TIE HER UP AND BRING HER HERE ! I AIM TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE HERD AND KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE TONIGHT ! GIT MOVING !

RIGHT, BOSS !



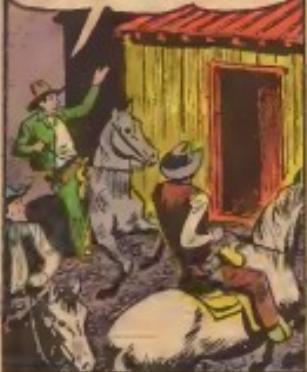


A FEW MINUTES LATER--



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SO LONG, ROCKY LANE! YORE RUSTLER ROUNDING UP DAYS ARE OVER! HA, HA!



WHILE BACK IN THE STOREROOM WHICH HAS NOW BECOME A LETHAL CHAMBER OF SLOWLY CREEPING DEATH ...

WHEW! THESE ROPES WON'T GIVE A BIT! THAT MAVERICK SURE KNOWS HOW TO TIE A KNOT; BUT HE MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE ...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ROCKY?

MISTAKE THAT'S GOING TO BE HIS UNDOING!



JUST THIS! I'M FREE OF MY ROPES! THAT MAVERICK TIED HIS ROPE OVER MY GAUNTLETS INSTEAD OF MY WRISTS! I'LL HAVE THOSE ROPES OFF YOU IN A MOMENT!



BUT THIS CANDLE COMES FIRST! THERE, THAT'S THAT!

YOU'RE WONDERFUL, ROCKY!



GET THE HOUNDS, MRS. WHILE I SIGNAL FOR BLACK JACK! I'LL CATCH THOSE SIDEWINDERS DEAD TO RIGHTS!



BUT YOU HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE GOING TO USE PEPPER AGAIN! WHAT GOOD ARE HOUNDS?

YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH, MRS. THIS TIME THE PEPPER IS GOING TO HELP TRAP THEM IF THEY USE IT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT I'LL GET THEM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, AS THE SHRILL CALL OF THE SCREECH OWL BULLETS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR ...

WHOOOEEEEEE! GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK! I KNEW MY CALL WOULD BRING YOU STAMPEDING TO ME! AND HERE COME THE HOUNDS, TOO!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE'RE HEADING FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH THOSE COW-STEALING COYOTES!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A BRANDING  
IRON AND  
A CHARCOAL  
FIRE!

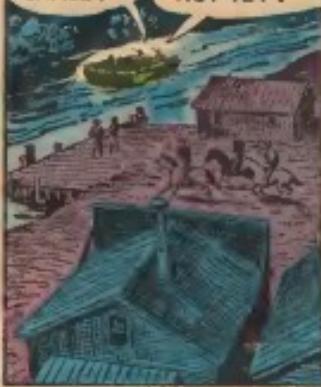
RIGHT, MISS !  
THEY BLOT  
OUT THE  
ROCKING R

BRAND WITH A  
CIRCLE R BRAND WHILE  
ON THE WAY TO CEN-  
TRAL JUNCTION WHERE  
THE VARMINTS HAVE  
BEEN SHIPPING FROM .



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK  
YOU ENOUGH FOR ROUNDING  
UP THESE RUSTLERS, ROCKY,  
BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE  
ME FROM RUIN ! WE'VE GOT  
THEM BUT NOT  
THE STOLEN  
CATTLE !

NOT YET, MISS--  
NOT YET !



AT CENTRAL JUNCTION---

LOOK, ROCKY !  
HERE COMES  
THE SHERIFF  
AND HIS  
DEPUTIES ! IT  
LOOKS AS IF  
THEY WERE  
EXPECTING US !

THEY SURE WERE,  
MISS ! I LEFT  
ORDERS WITH A  
COWHAND TO TAKE  
CARE OF A RECEP-  
TION COMMITTEE FOR  
THESE VARMINTS !



HERE THEY ARE,  
SHERIFF ! THEY THOUGHT  
THEY WERE MIGHTY SICK,  
BUT I OUTSLUCKED THEM  
WITH THE HELP OF MY  
FRIEND, THE STOCK-  
YARD HAND, HERE !

SHucks, ROCKY ! I  
JUST DID WHAT YOU  
ASKED ME TO !



GIT MOVING,  
YUH PABEL  
O' VARMINTS  
...TO JAIL !

I'VE GOT THE REST  
OF THE CRITTERS  
OVER IN THE SHEDS  
AS YOU WANTED  
THEM, ROCKY !

MUCH  
OBLIGED,  
PARD !

WHAT  
CRITTERS ?  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND !



YOUR CRITTERS, MISS !  
I HAD MY PARD HERE KEEP  
FROM SHIPPING THEM UNTIL I  
WAS SURE THEY WERE STOLEN !  
I HAD A HUNCH TRYNA MIGHT BE  
YOUR CATTLE WITH THEIR BRANDS  
WORKED OVER AND--THEY WERE !

THAT WAS  
MIGHTY CLEVER,  
ROCKY ! YOUVE  
SAVED MY  
RANCH FROM  
RUIN !



IT'S ALL PART OF AN  
UNDERCOVER MARSHAL'S  
DAYS' WORK, I RECKON !  
GET GOING, BLACK JACK !  
WE'RE MOVING ON DOWN  
THE TRAIL !

GOODBYE, ROCKY  
LANE ! I'LL NEVER  
FORGET YOU !

WHO  
COULD ?



# THE LUCKY DUDE

By Walter Farmer

**H**ANDY Sandy slouched in the saddle. The high board fence would hide his horse and most of him if he kept low. He had removed his broad-brimmed hat. Through a crack in the fence, he could see the livery stable. He sat there for a long time, silent and patient. And his well-trained mount was silent and patient, too. Just about sundown, he saw the boy leave the livery stable.

"Going to supper," thought Sandy. He rode across the street unobserved, dismounted, led his horse into the stable, and chose a vacant stall. Then, in the half dark of the stable, he began to undress. He took off his chaps, pants, shirt, the big bandana from around his neck. He gazed at his high heeled boots. With apparent reluctance, he took them off, too. Then he dipped into his saddle bag and in a very few minutes, he was attired as a dude from the East. He even wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and no one would have suspected that behind those glasses were the keenest pair of orbs that had ever shot one hundred bull's-eyes out of a possible one hundred. Last of all, he went to work on his tousled hair. It was still cinnamon color, but when Handy Sandy had plastered it down with water and combed it, parting it in the middle, it changed his appearance considerably. He reached into the saddle bag, clapped a derby atop his head, and started out of the stable.

Darkness was falling as he walked up Main Street toward the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino. Next to it, on this side, was Lucky's Hotel. Handy Sandy entered the hotel. The sleepy clerk looked at him, suppressed a laugh, then pushed forward the register. Sandy signed up as *Hanford D. Sands* and was given a key to a room on the second floor, front.

The clerk came around from behind the desk to usher Sandy to his room and said, "You're from the East, aren't you, stranger?"

"How did you guess?" asked Sandy.

"Something about your getup," responded the clerk, as they mounted the stairs. Sandy was shown his room. The clerk was about to leave when Sandy opened a wallet. It seemed to be bulging with money. He extracted a ten-dollar bill and handed it to the clerk. The latter's eyes popped. "It's for you,"

chuckled Sandy. "Where I come from, they use these to light cigars. I don't smoke, so I have plenty left over."

When the door had closed, the clerk raced down the stairs and ran next door to the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino. He found Lucky Devil himself in the little back room and told him at once of the stranger from the East with the bulging wallet. Lucky Devil pulled at his black mustache. His slit eyes had a greedy glow.

"Steer that tenderfoot in here," he said, in his oily, smooth voice. "You won't regret it."

"Yes sir!" said the young clerk.

In his room, Handy Sandy took out the note and read it again.

*Handy:*

*A man named Lucky Devil is bleeding the town white. I know his gambling is crooked, but I can't prove a thing. Whenever I show up, everything is honest and above board. If you could come here and give me some help, I'd appreciate it.*

*Sheriff Lawton*

"I don't believe in gambling," chuckled Handy Sandy to himself. "But I will pretend to be a gambler if it will help my old side-kick, Sheriff Lawton."

He leaned back in the bed and decided to take a snooze for a couple of hours. He wanted to enter the Lucky Devil Gambling Casino, when the games were at their height. And there was plenty of time to get in touch with the sheriff.

When at last he entered the Casino, there was no need to introduce himself. Lucky Devil, the boss, met him at the door and said, "Ah, Mr. Hanford D. Sands! So you have decided to try your luck at my little place. It is a pleasure to welcome a distinguished visitor from the East!"

Handy Sandy pretended to be flustered by all this attention while Lucky Devil pulled on his black mustache and said, "Perhaps you would like to try the dice table?"

Sandy said he would. He held the dice awkwardly. One of the cubes seemed to slip from his fingers, and it bounced on the table.

## ROCKY LANE WESTERN

He looked at the ivory and said, in seeming innocence, "Did I win?"

"No. No!" somebody yelled. "You have to throw both dice. Throw them hard!"

Lucky Devil was thinking to himself, "Oh, boy, have I got an easy mark here! I'll make his wallet thinner than a humming-bird's skeleton!"

Hanford D. Sands drew back his arm and hurled the dice. They bounced hard on the table, then bounced straight out the open window, beyond. "Oh, goodness, I fear I have thrown them too hard!" cried the easterner.

"That's all right, we'll get them back," smiled Lucky Devil. "In the meanwhile, perhaps you'd like to try your luck at cards?" With a gesture, the owner of the gambling casino had ordered one of his underlings to go outside and retrieve the loaded dice. Then he laid the dude to a table where poker was being played.

Mr. Sands was soon sitting in. He placed a pile of money at the table by his side and ordered chips, after he had been told that this was the thing to do. He picked up the cards dealt to him, saying, "I may seem to be a little near-sighted, but don't let that fool you. With these glasses, I can see anything that's going on." He held his cards close to his nose, and the gamblers decided at once that he was near-sighted. They got a little careless.

The two men who were employed by the house began to double deal and fake shuffle without bothering too much to cover up. Soon they had cornered most of the chips and money that had been in front of the dude easterner. It was so easy that they weren't watching Mr. Sands very closely. Handy Sandy had counted on this. He slipped his own deck into the game, substituting for the one they had been using and nobody noticed. Sandy could do things with his own deck, and he began winning. The chips and money began moving back to his side of the table. Lucky Devil, looking on, frowned. This thing wasn't working out the way he'd planned it.

He was called aside by the man he had sent to pick up the dice that had been thrown through the window. The man whispered, "Boss, I couldn't find those dice anywhere. They've plumb disappeared!"

"Fool!" hissed Lucky. "You go back and find those cubes. Search every inch of ground. You know those dice are loaded and if they ever got into the hands of the sheriff, it'd be just the evidence he needs to close me up!"

"I tell you they're not out there!" responded

the man. "I think somebody must've picked them up before I got out there."

Lucky looked thoughtful. He stroked his mustache and stared at the dude and at the growing pile of chips and money in front of him.

"That hombre must be a card sharp himself," thought Lucky. "No greenhorn from the East could ever win that much from my boys. Maybe he got rid of the dice on purpose. Maybe . . ." He reached inside his coat to a shoulder holster, drew a pearl-handled pistol, and pointed it at Sandy. "All right, mister, what's your game?"

Sandy dropped his cards and raised his hands. He noted that at an apparent signal from the boss, two men at the opposite side of the table also had guns pointed at him. "I thought the game was poker," drawled Sandy, "but if you want to play something rougher, it's all right with me." As he spoke the words, he kicked the card table over against the players opposite, jarring their pistols. He himself flopped to the floor and rolled as slugs from Lucky's pistol peppered the spot where he had been. While rolling, he reached for his own gun from his coat and shot out the lights. In the darkness there was a bedlam of yelling, running, crashing.

Sandy heard Lucky Devil bellowing orders. He made for the boss, judging the distance by the sound of the voice. He dived against the gambler, crashed him to the floor, and smashed a hard fist against Lucky's jaw before the latter could go for his gun.

'Sheriff Lawton came in carrying a lantern. He held it so he could look into Sandy's face. "Thank goodness you're not hurt," said the sheriff. "I got the dice you threw out the window and was waiting with my boys for your signal to move in. But things happened mighty fast. Well, we got all the little fish, but I'm afraid Lucky got away in the dark."

"Oh, no," said Handy Sandy. "He's here. Lower your lantern a little, and you'll see where I laid him out. I took a personal dislike to the critter when he pulled his gun on me. By the way, I have some more evidence for you. These boys were trying to separate me from my money with marked cards."

"You did a great job, Sandy," said the sheriff. "You have done the West a big favor."

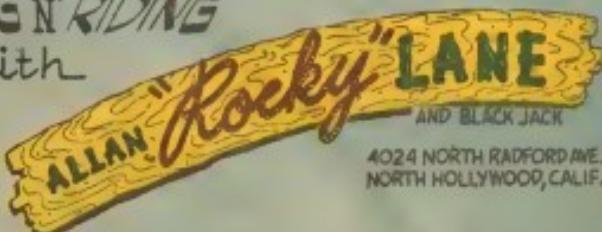
"I didn't mind doing it, but these dang dude clothes make me feel plumb hogtied!"

THE END



## ROPING 'N' RIDING'

With

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROCKY - HIS BLACK JACK

## HOWDY PARDNERS!

HERE WE ARE, BACK HOME AGAIN. YEP, BLACK JACK AND I JUST PULLED IN FROM ANOTHER LONG BUT HAPPY TRIP. WE SURE WERE PROUD TO MEET AS MANY OF YOU PARDS, BOTH OLD AND NEW, AS WE DID, FACE TO FACE, AND HOPE TO GREET YOU AGAIN SOMEDAY REAL SOON.

RIGHT NOW, STACKED IN FRONT OF US, IS A MOUNTAIN-HIGH FILE OF LETTERS FROM YOU, OUR PALS, AND, BELIEVE YOU ME, IT'S A THRILL TO LEARN SO MANY OF YOU LIKE OUR MOVIES AND COMICS. INCIDENTALLY, YOUR PHOTOS WILL BE SENT ALONG AS FAST AS WE CAN GET THEM TO YOU.

A LOT OF YOU HAVE ASKED: WHY IS IT A COWBOY ALWAYS TALKS OF HIS HORSE AS IF IT WERE A HUMAN BEING? SO I AM GOING TO TRY TO TELL YOU HOW A COWBOY FEELS ABOUT HIS PARD, AND HOW I FEEL ABOUT BLACK JACK.

YOU KNOW, A COWHAND SOMETIMES LIVES FOR WEEKS AT A STRETCH OUT ON THE PRAIRIE AND PLAINS AND HIS ONLY PARDNER AND HELPER IS HIS HORSE. THEY DEVELOP AN UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THEMakin to that of human beings. They drink together, eat together, and when the day's work is done, sleep together through rain, sleet, heat, storms, cold and other hardships, they stick side by side, protecting, helping each other and proud to be able to do so. Yes sir, any living thing you spend your every happy hour with, you're bound to get real attached to. It becomes a big part of your life. Anyway, that's the way it is with Black Jack and me. We're together all the time and I love him and he seems to feel the same toward me. The same way your daddy, your mommy, your sisters and brothers feel about you. They love you, and I'm sure you love them.

OH, OH, THERE'S A BIG RACKET OUT IN BLACK JACK'S BARN. GUESS MAYBE HE WANTS OUT, TO STRETCH THOSE LEGS OF HIS. I'D BETTER GO SEE, ANYWAY. SO, SO LONG. WELL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU NEXT MONTH. UNTIL THEN—

YOURS FOR MORE ACTION,

YOUR PALS,

*Allan "Rocky" Lane*  
AND  
BLACK JACK

U

# GOPHERFACE

NUTS



## SPECIAL OFFER!

**YOU...**  
CAN GET  
**'ROCKY'S'**



PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"  
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!  
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# SLIM PICKENS

IN  
THE  
NEW  
JOB

YORE BOSS JUST GAVE  
ME A JOB AS A COWBOY  
ON THIS RANCH! HE  
TOLD ME TO SEE YUH  
AND YOU'D TELL  
ME WHAT TO DO!

IF YUH LISTEN TO  
ME, SLIM PICKENS,  
THE FIRST THING  
TO DO IS QUIT!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IS THAT SO? WELL, FER YORE INFORMATION, WHEN I WAS IN EUROPE I WON A CONTEST FER BEING THE MOST HANDSOME ONE AROUND!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN AT A DOG SHOW!



IT WAS NOT! IT WAS A MALE BEAUTY CONTEST IN DENMARK!

AND I SPINE YUH WERE MADE A GREAT DANE!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YUH THINK AS LONG AS THE BOSS LIKES ME!

I DON'T KNOW IF HE LIKES YUH, BUT HE CERTAINLY CAN TAKE A JOKE!



WHAT DO YUH MEAN  
"HE CAN TAKE A JOKE"?

HE TOOK YUH ON, DIDN'T HE?



IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD, I'D PUNCH YUH IN THE NOSE FER THAT REMARK, BUT I'M TOO HAPPY! AFTER ALL, THE IDEA OF WORKIN' HYAA HAS BEEN GOIN' AROUND IN MUI HEAD FOR A LONG TIME!

IT CERTAINLY HAD PLENTY OF ROOM IN THERE!



ALL I'M INTERESTED IN HEARING OUT OF YUH IS WHAT MY CHORES ARE!

THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU'RE HEALTHY!



OF COURSE I'M YUH MUST HAVE GOT LOTS OF IRON IN MUI BLOOD!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# THE BIG LOAN

WHAT BRINGS YUH OUT THIS WAY, HACK?

EMBARRASSING CIRCUMSTANCES, SMITHY! I'VE COME TO ASK YUH TO LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS!

HOW DO I KNOW I WILL GET IT BACK?

I GIVE YUH THE WORD OF A GENTLEMAN!

WELL, BRING HIM AROUND AND I MAY GIVE YUH THE FIVE DOLLARS!

YUH DON'T UNDERSTAND, SMITHY! I MEANT ON MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN!

AND WHOEVER TOLD YUH YUH WERE A GENTLEMAN?

MUH LANDLADY! SHE SAYS I EAT LIKE A GENTLEMAN! SHE PUT OUT A COUPLE OF DOZEN SAUSAGES AND ALL THE OTHER BORDERS MADE A MAD PASH FER THEM, BUT I ONLY TOOK ONE! WHAT PO YUH SAY TO THAT?

I'D SAY IT WAS A LOT OF BALONEY! I WON'T LEND YOU THE MONEY, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS FOR YOUR DOG!

FER MUH DOG! I WOULDN'T SELL HIM FER ANY PRICE! A DOG IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND!



## COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

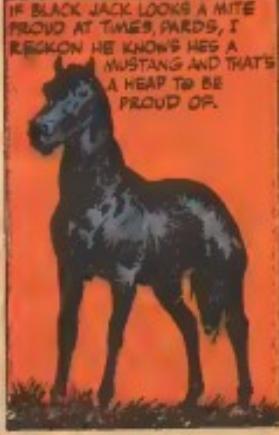
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# BOB COLT



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UNBREAKABLE  
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Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

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Illustration by STEPHEN DUNNINSON

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